

6

AN  
ADDRESS  
TO  
DOCTOR CADOGAN,  
OCCASIONED BY HIS  
DISSERTATION on the GOUT  
AND OTHER  
CHRONIC DISEASES:  
WITH  
REMARKS and OBSERVATIONS.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Almon, opposite Burlington-House,  
Piccadilly; J. Wilkie, No. 71, St. Paul's Church-  
yard; and F. Blythe, at John's Coffee-house, near  
the Royal Exchange.

MDCCLXXI.



---

---

A N  
A D D R E S S  
T O

DOCTOR CADOGAN.

**W**ELL, Doctor, after having eaten and drunk for many years, like to your old foldiers, \* full to the brim, and incapable, like Barzillai, of tafting any longer what thou eateft or drinkeft, thou art become an advocate for mortification and felf denial. Not fo the good old man, who excufing himfelf, on account of his age and infirmities, for partaking of the pleasures of a court, recommended to the patronage of David the youthful Chimham, with whofe age and condition the bottle and a fong would beft agree. And take my word for it, the young fellows

lows of this age will not so easily part with their venison and claret, notwithstanding, old gentleman, you say, that poison is in the dish and cup. It will certainly be an unfurmountable difficulty to attempt the conviction of a man by argument, of what his senses demonstrate the falsehood.

What a strange composition is human nature. The mind, like to the constitution, being subject to various alterations. What was injudiciously thought at one time to be right, we at another rashly pronounce to be wrong. Thus what you warmly condemn in your old age, your practice shewed that you highly approved in your youth. When grown up to be men, how apt are we to forget that we were once young, and when, like to you, we are upon the decline of life, we want youth to be, like ourselves, cripples.

Let me advise the youth of both sexes, and I am of opinion they will prefer the advice to the prescription, *first* to follow  
your



your example, and *after* thirty years enjoyment of the bottle, with all the choicest dainties and delicacies in life, yet with more temperance and sobriety than you appear to have done, \* observe your precept, their heads being weaker and constitutions more feeble, and live upon stewed endive and small beer, and now and then sip a glass of *poisonous* wine, by way of *medicine* † and *luxurious indulgence*. ‡ What absurdity and contradiction !

How grand the discovery, Doctor, in physic, after two thousand years practice of the profession, to acquaint us in the small compass of *an hundred pages*, § what might have been told *in sixteen words*, that *exercise, temperance, and chearfulness preserve and restore health*; on the contrary,

B 2 *indolence,*

\* From the severe fits of the gout, the colic, the jaundice, and a complication of complaints, [page 95] with which you have been afflicted, may it not be fairly concluded upon your own principles, good Doctor, that you was very indolent, intemperate, and fretful in your youthful days ?

*indolence, intemperance, and vexation will surely destroy it.* Is this the mighty demon \* of superstition, fraud and error, that hath held the world in darkness these thousand years; and was it reserved for the mighty genius and deep penetration of a Cadogan to restore the world to truth and nature?

You plead novelty in the discovery.† To what shall we attribute the longevity of the Antediluvians, of St. Evremond, of a Parr, and a multitude of others, who, in our memory have outlived a century? Your notable discovery, published to the world in 1771, was known so long ago as the first year of the creation, when Adam dwelt in Paradise: And the age of man, according to the attention paid to it, hath dwindled away from 969 to threescore years and ten, and supposing luxury to increase in the same degree as it hath done within these few years, the standard of human



man life may be reduced in the next century to fifty years.

Not to please the senses, when it doth not offend morality, nor is injurious to the constitution, with what was intended by our gracious benefactor to soften the cares of life, and to make us forget its miseries, is a piece of nonsensical severity. A fullen disuse of the good things of this life, [many of which you have in your black catalogue prohibited and condemned as poisonous to the constitution and destructive of health] speaks not less ingratitude to heaven, than a licentious abuse of them. Why such a variety of things created for our comfort, support, and entertainment, if they are not to be used? Why have we passions and appetites to enjoy them, if they are not to be gratified?

O thou gloomy and sorrowful being, who delightest in splenetic and mortifying actions, drink thy fill of water and small beer, I will humbly express my gratitude  
to

to Heaven, by a temperate use of all the enjoyments of life; and though like to a traveller, who looks forward to a better country, I will sweeten the fatigue of the journey by partaking of all the comforts I meet with, and among the rest *wine*.

Keep your austerities to yourself, Doctor. You shall not make me, miserable in contradiction to my senses. Believe me, there is no piety in insulting the majesty of heaven by refusing its bounties, nor any merit in your relinquishing the pleasures of sense, which you cannot now relish. It is not a proof of a right judgment and a sound understanding to add to the calamities and misfortunes of life, by refusing to accept and partake of what may render it agreeable and comfortable. I leave it with you to determine, which is the greatest offender against heaven, the man who wilfully impairs his health by abstaining from a generous yet temperate (*but not like your past*) enjoyment of the things of this life, or he that destroys it by an excessive indulgence.

Your



Your design is to set aside the gifts and blessings of nature and providence intended for the health of the body, like to the Romish priests, who, by their penances, mortifications, and self denials, debar their votaries from eating and drinking of such things *as please them* for the good of their soul. A prohibition as void of religion as your prescription is of reason. We may as well be driven into cells and caves as to be in the midst of paradisaical delights, and be doomed to abstinence. Surely, Doctor, heaven did not give us every thing richly to enjoy, that we should go mournfully all the day long in sackcloth and ashes.

Most assuredly thou knowest, that there is as great a difference in the constitutions of men as in their faces and sentiments, and at different periods of their lives in fancy, youth, manhood, and old age. Art thou not therefore highly absurd in prescribing the bounds of temperance to any except yourself? Yet thou prescribest the same limits and restrictions to all indiscriminately.

nately. It is not wisdom to judge of the strength of another's constitution by the weakness of your own : For what is injurious to you, may be absolutely necessary for me to do. A pint of wine *now* might be luxurious indulgence in the Doctor, and scarce keep him steady ; ten years ago two or three bottles might be barely sufficient for the support of his nature, and to make him the merry companion. Different degrees of labour and fatigue, different employments and professions, require different degrees of refreshment. Every man is certainly the best judge of the nature of his own constitution. Experience will soon teach him what kind of food will be of prejudice or benefit to it, and what quantity of wine will make him chearful and exhilarate the spirit, or occasion him to be stupid and dull.

If wine is poison to the body, it certainly enliven's and enlarges the faculties of the mind. My old acquaintance Kit Smart composed his poems on the Divine Attributes,

butes, when he was merry. The celebrated poet Churchill would never have wrote a line, had he continued in Wales fiddling and drinking *of soft ale*, \* so strongly recommended by you. Pope would not have secured to himself everlasting fame, had his drink been only *pure water* and *small beer*. Sir Tristram would never have been able to have raised even a simper, had he drank from the butt, instead of the pipe. I am far from agreeing with your opinion, † that the man is not strictly temperate, *who abstains not from the drinking of wine or strong liquors at all*, unless by way of medicine, and now and then for the sake of society and good humour, (*well come off, Doctor*) but by no means *every day*. Bad again, thou art assuredly the most amazing self contradictor. Cheerfulness of spirits you allow to be necessary for the preservation and restoration of health. Instead of prohibiting therefore, shouldest thou not have enjoined the use of wine every day, some will say every hour,

C



hour, as you acknowledge it will make us social fellows and good humoured? But like a true novelist you will endeavour to support your hypothesis against reason and your own experience, and to confirm the absurdity beyond gainsaying you put a false interposition upon St. Paul's advice to Bishop Timothy.

O Doctor, Doctor, though thou art not an ignorant quack, and may not be an unskilful prescriber, thou art certainly a simple Divine, and seemest like to our modern commentators blessed with little modesty and great ignorance in religious matters. Pray, do not be angry. You should have kept to your profession. I shall make good the assertion, and prove your mistake, concerning the poisonous quality of wine and the sinfulness of drinking it, from several passages of scripture; and when reason and scripture are against you, be not like to the infidel, against reason and scripture, lest haply you should be found fighting against God.





fulness of his strength and in perfect health, but when *sick* and *sulky*.

You affirm that *vexation* alone will bring on the gout, and the use of wine will be rather a *poison* than a *cure* for it; whereas a wiser head than thine hath declared, that wine is to be given to those that be of *heavy hearts*.

In Jotham's parable the vine saith, shall I leave my wine *which cheereth God and man*; you say it is no more to be accounted of than a *potion of hemlock*,

One of the curses denounced against the Israelites by Moses was, that they should plant *vineyards*, but *not drink of the fruit*; on the contrary, you account it to be a *blessing*.

The prophet Isaiah mentions it, as one of the evils which afflicted his country, that *their wine was mixed with water*; you represent



represent it an evil to drink wine *with* or *without* water.

Our Saviour, when they wanted wine at the marriage feast, converted by a miracle a large quantity of water, not less than an hundred gallons, into most excellent flavoured wine. Would he have so done, think you, if wine was, according to your representation, hurtful and poisonous to the constitution; or if the wedding guests were to drink it as a physical draught? So far was our blessed Lord from using wine medically, that from his drinking it *every day*, not *now* and *then*, he was, though most unjustly and maliciously stigmatized a *wine bibber*.

There is no accounting, Doctor, for your ignorance in this matter than by an ingenuous confession, that you have not read your Bible with a becoming seriousness and due attention; in which neglect you are not a whit behind many of the faculty.

I need

I need not quote the best writers, nor introduce the greatest wits of Greece and Rome, to confirm what the inspired penmen have written, (the authority of scripture is sufficient for one who is no enemy to inspiration) nor shall I mention the usage of all the faculty, from the first practice in physic, two thousand years ago, to the last buck feast at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in July 1771, to prove your observations upon wine not to have been the result of mature consideration and an unprejudiced judgment, but a fondness for novelty, which coincides with the taste of the present times.

I do solemnly declare, and you know it to be true, unless this hobby-horse hath entirely deprived you of all intervals of reason and sobriety, that though it is a sin to associate *with wine bibbers*, who make one sick with their bottles, it is no folly to sit *amongst wine drinkers*, who enliven the spirits by their conversation and wit, without injuring the constitution, impair-

ing

ing the understanding, or stupifying the senses. Art not thou of the same opinion in allowing a pint or two to be drank in a week? You go further, you grant us the liberty of being *mellow*, that is, drunk now and then. I have not so read the scriptures, nor am I such an enemy to reason, to follow your advice, and I hope every man will have sufficient prudence and discretion to do the same.

If the ancients knew nothing of phyfic,\* it was not from a defect of understanding, but the want of patients. Mankind in the early ages were temperate and abstemious. Luxury, by creating disorders and diseases, made physicians, and changed the study of phyfic from a mere science into a gainful profession. If the ancients wrangled, are modern physicians more agreed in their opinions, and less tenacious in their conceits and prejudices? You will not say it, Doctor. It is in phyfic as in divinity, we must dig that out of a pit, which,  
be-



before it was covered over with the rubbish of false learning, by pretenders to each science, laid on the surface of the ground; and as he that reads the scriptures will be the ablest divine; so he that consults the book of nature will make the best physician.

In these days I believe no one so ignorant \* to suppose, that it is in the power of art alone to cure chronic complaints of any kind. Wholesome diet, moderate exercise, and the nursing of a careful old woman, *with very little physic*, will be more effectual towards the re-establishment of health than all the drugs at Apothecaries Hall, ten thousand times more poisonous and fatal to the constitution than the very dregs of the worst of wines.

I am no friend to quackery, † yet many of its professors have been found successful, after the guinea and chariot-lolling doctor hath failed, and by those prescriptions, plain medicines, exercise, temperance and chearfulness, which you, after many years  
heavy

heavy study and deep researches into antiquity, have found to be the grand preservatives and restoratives of health. Good God! What a prodigious difference there is between a sensible man and a blockhead in plain and obvious truths; between an ignorant quack and a prescribing doctor, a Rock and a Cadogan! In your next edition let the world know, where profession ends, and quackery begins.

The prodigious number of quacks both natives and foreigners, the confidence reposed in them by the sensible, and the almost adoration paid to them by the ignorant vulgar, are in some degree owing to the imprudent and precipitate conduct of such of the faculty, who leave their patients whether *public* or *private* too soon, and pronounce them to be *absolutely incurable*. Persons thus cruelly devoted to death, (like the dying malefactor who, despairing of salvation on the principles of protestanism, embraces popery, which administers a little transient comfort though not a cure to his

D

sick



sick mind) gladly fly to the man who promises them even a momentary respite from their excruciating pains, and who, though he cannot prolong, nor save their lives, lessens in some measure the miseries of dying.

You honour the profession,\* else you would dishonour yourself, yet pay no pleasing compliment to the professors, by insinuating that *a real physician* is, like an honest man, difficult to be found. This is not prudence, Demetrius, to expose the craft. The students in physic, however, will have their reward, and great will be the God Æsculapius in an age of riot, debauchery, and dissipation.

You are too bold in your assertions, Doctor, and, like the mathematicians, very dogmatical, who from a transit of Venus are with regret and reluctance convinced, that they may be in the wrong, and that truth is in God alone. Do you expect to be believed, when you assert,† that all diseases



diseases are brought upon ourselves? The gout for example is not hereditary.\* I know a person afflicted with it from seventeen years of age, whose parents died of it, who from prudence and affection withheld from him all strong and spirituous liquors, to prevent in him, if possible, the misery they had experienced in themselves. No rule without an exception, you will say. How doth this agree with your certainty and positiveness?

You approve not the milk diet for the cure of the gout, because it enervates the man, and doth not sufficiently support the health and vigor of his body. I knew a gentleman, lately deceased, who lived thirty years on a milk diet, which effectually conquered the gout, and a more vigorous, strong, healthy, and chearful man was not living. Again, no rule without an exception. Low subterfuge. Pray, Doctor, look beyond your nose,† and remain

D 2

main

\* Page 17.

† Page 25.

main not foolishly conceited and obstinately wedded to your own whimsies.

No certain remedy for any disease, you say, is yet discovered.\* I have mentioned one. You condemn it. Will you believe yourself? Regimen with physic will cure disorders, &c. which are curable, and physic without a regimen will not. Are you really serious in this important discovery? What man ever thought of curing the dropfy by intemperance or gluttony by eating, and not by abstinence and sobriety with the assistance of physic? There needs no great depth of learning to discover, that health of body, like peace of mind, is to be restored by a reformation of life and manners.

To procure the same you court, write in future with more caution and consistency. The five editions of your pamphlet are no more a proof of its real importance, than the wealth and affluence of a quack are of  
superior



superior knowledge in physic to a Cado-gan, or his judgment in the administration of his pills and powders.

Had not Adam sinned, we should have been in that *happy state* which you mention,\* yet art undeserving of, by condemning, as destructive of health, and quick destruction to the whole human race. Consult thy Bible, and you will find that labor was not designed by Providence † as a  *blessing*, but *a curse* for the transgression of Adam; ‡ it was his punishment, not his felicity. Had you been doomed by fate to have worked in the mines, coal-pits, &c. instead of sauntering and lounging about the neighbourhood of Soho, *labor* might not have been so *sweet*, I am certain it would not have been so *profitable*; and I cannot from my soul think, Doctor, that it would have been pleasing to you, notwithstanding it would have prevented the colic, gout, jaundice, complications of, &c. || You can-

\* Page 29. † Page 28. ‡ Gen. iii. 17, 18, 19.

|| Page 95.



cannot be so much out of your mind to prefer *sour cyder* and *stale beer* to the envied luxury of *old hock* and *sound port*.

Confound you, Doctor, for your nonsensical assertion.\* If the use of wine and strong liquors was to be prohibited, what would become of our coppersmiths, anchorsmiths, shipwrights, manufacturers, soldiers, sailors, nay our Bishops, our Judges, our Senators, even our gracious King, whom God bless, preserve and keep from a watery head, notwithstanding from the frugality and œconomy of the court, your prohibition may take place at St. James's. O ! that you had been doomed to carry sacks, or to sweep the streets, though but for a day, you would have then acknowledged, from most woful and griping experience, small beer and water to be very poor living indeed. I sincerely wish you this severe yet just punishment for your backsliding, in forsaking your bottle, by which and your good hu-  
mour

mour (the happy fruits of it) you got more patients at one joyous evening, than by your dry study of phyfic in a twelve-month.

I was not,\* through the foolish fondness of parents or friends led into intemperance. My strongest liquors to twenty-six were small beer, now and then what you highly approve of, porter and soft ale; my food plain and simple, being excluded by fortune from things savoury and seasoned, and my appetite keen, needing no provocatives from pickles and sauces. Yet was I obliged to alter my mode of living, or have made my will and died, and to drink *wine, punch, &c.* by the advice of Dr. Schomberg deceased (whose memory I shall ever honour) and Dr. P—— now living,† who consistent with the character of the real physician, neither deceived nor flattered

\* Page 45.

† I chearfully embrace the opportunity of making this public acknowledgement of my obligations to this worthy and able physician, of whose humanity, tenderness, and generosity I and my family shall ever retain the most grateful remembrance.



flattered me, and credit me, Doctor, prescribed without—don't blush—a fee, a few trifling medicines, leaving the business principally to the operations of nature. It is my present misfortune, and a melancholy one, I confess, that I am constrained to drink more small beer than I choose, and drink less wine than nature through constant labour and fatigue demands. I wish, Doctor, for the key of your cellar, if not dry, with a permission to use the poisonous contents. I will not, I most solemnly promise, lay my death to your account, but with gratitude acknowledge my obligations to you for lengthening my days.

What you say \* against the culinary arts, acids, salts, fiery spices, and essences of all kind, is meer declamation. You did not teach this doctrine ten years ago. I wish your abstemiousness now could be thought to flow from *principle*, not *necessity*, from *inclination*, not *age*. Some persons will deem it ingratitude in you, Doctor, to rail † against



against the luxuries of the table, wine, music, women, &c. which from the complaints you have exhibited to the world, \* you seem to have enjoyed with an extraordinary and uncommon gout, with the most soft and pleasing delight, even with rapture. I view this behaviour in a more favourable, and I trust in a true light. You are now repenting (*may merciful Heaven accept your repentance though late!*) of the follies and indiscretions of your juvenile days.

You have not, I understand, travelled for knowledge,† else, notwithstanding your living witnesses in preference to the dead, you would have known, that in most parts of Europe the people want not the means of intemperance no more than the English; and if in some places their diet is not so luxurious (though the meagre looks and tattered garments of our poor do not shew them to be in a more eligible situation)

E

tion)

tion) they drink as freely, if not more so, of wine and strong liquors, because they can either make or purchase them at a less expence. If the gout is not in Turkey and some other parts in Europe, it is not thro' a voluntary abstinence from wine, but a rigorous prohibition. The common people, however, will endeavour to procure it by stealth, and when procured, will drink it with the same glee as an Englishman. Is it a good reason, Doctor, for debarring us from the use of wine, because Gentoos, slaves, Heathens, and Mahometans, Marattas, Turks, &c. either from constitution, necessity, or religion, cannot, or dare not? Thanks to Heaven, that I am a Christian and Englishman.

Your knowledge in cookery is like your discovery in physic, truly laughable.\* Flesh over boiled and roasted is not nutritious. Is there a cook in London who knoweth not this.

Now



Now comes the wonder of wonders! What an huge thing it is to be a learned man. Out with the secret, Doctor, and reader attend, it is for the benefit of your health, and the improvement of your understanding. *None but physicians, or those who have studied well the nature of man, and his aliments, are able to make this observation.* What observation? Hear him. *There ought to be a certain proportion of animal and vegetable substances in man's food.* Teneatis risum, medici? Is there a ploughman, manufacturer, mechanic, &c. in the kingdom, whose practice doth not shew his knowledge of this observation, though unfortunately for the public, unable to communicate this knowledge in words scientific, which would have remained for ever a most profound secret, had not Dr. Cadogan, of the Royal College of Physicians, divulged it. What an advantage is it to have enjoyed a liberal education!

Notwithstanding the poisonous qualities of wine, you are willing, for the sake of



good humour and good company,\* the greatest joys of human life, to allow a pint or two in a week, and this to avoid, what I fear you will not escape, the imputation of churlishness.

Well, Doctor, after the reading of *ninety-two pages* of your pamphlet, which I all along suspected to have been composed for some other purpose than the meer entertainment of the public, or the itch of scribbling, I have discovered (no novelty) your motive to have been, the old motive, interest, the recommendation of *your magnesia* and rhubarb, which I hope every buck and blood in the kingdom will provide himself with previous to a debauch. It will be some assistance to them in the purchasing it, to acquaint them in the next edition with the names of the persons who sell it, or by hand bills distributed about the town, inform them, where the original inventor or compounder lives.

O ye

O ye pretty misses, and jessamy sprigs, no longer must ye luxuriously indulge your delicate stomachs with the rich and most delicious cakes, pastry, creams, confections, &c. at Horton's, they are poison, they fill the ladies *with vapour*, and the gentlemen *with wind*, and produce *strange tumults* in the city.

O ye rakes and bravoës, remember the important truth, that a short life is not a merry one, but that a few years of riotous pleasure without happiness will be generally paid for by as many more of pain and sickness, regret and despair, unless after the Doctor's example you stop in time. If you would get rid of the gout, the colic, the jaundice, and a complication of complaints you labour under and are afflicted with from your irregularities, you must for ever quit the luxuries of the table, wine music, women, &c. Hard is your fate. It is prudent, however, to submit: Ye will enjoy the happiness of living to a good old  
age,

age, without partaking of any of the comforts and blessings of life.

O ye gormandizing cits, if ye will preserve your health, ye must forego your-seasoned ducks, geese, pigs, hare, stuffed veal and caper sauce; and most dreadful to relate, ye must drink no more drams to prevent the belchings and risings of your gluttonous meals.

O ye wealthy and honourable, ye judges, prelates, nobles, and princes of the land, if ye would live long, and see good days, feed ye no more luxuriously on made and costly dishes; favoury, forced, and high-seasoned meat; salted, pickled, potted, smoaked, or preserved flesh, or fish, lest your bodies, like to the fish, or flesh so eaten, should become mummies; abstain ye also above all things from every kind of wine, as ye would from the most deadly poison. Instead of which, thanks to the bountiful and indulgent Doctor, ye may freely and deliciously regale on new-laid  
eggs,



eggs, tripe, calves feet, rabbits, raw oysters, &c. with beef, mutton, pork, &c. sodden, or raw; and drink plentifully of the purest water you can get, or of the best brewed small beer. And if your stomachs should be ever overcharged with eating and drinking too greedily of these dainties, take the Doctor's most excellent and never failing emetic, put a finger down your throat, and throw it all up.

O ye bookworms, and students in law, physic, and divinity, if ye would not be choaked up with undigested heaps of matter, ye must relinquish your high-flavoured hams and tongues, salt fish and heavy flour puddings, and live upon boiled and stewed vegetables, and sallads of lettuce and endive, and when in want of a dainty bit, the Doctor permits you, extolled be his generosity! to eat light puddings, custards, *creams*, (which he hath in another place condemned, being poisonous) blanchmanger, &c. (what the &c. contains I know not) and ripe fruits of all kinds and seasons.

And

And now, O ye poor, for in his exceeding great love towards all mankind the Doctor hath not forgotten you, though seemingly neglected by the rest of your fellow creatures, if ye would be strong and fit for labour, ye must eat nothing made of flour; no hard dumplings, no toasted cheese, no bread, murmur not, nor complain; but let your hearts be merry and rejoice, for the Doctor, knowing that you have been for many years starving upon little, hath most miraculously released you from the dread of future want, by assuring you that ye may live upon nothing.

And above all things, hear it all ye people, high and low, rich and *otherwise* [the poor I suppose] because it produces more diseases than *all the other causes put together*, and *is the bane of all*, ye must all of you (what no one will; I dare affirm, not the Doctor himself excepted, and what no one should, unless by constitution or poverty obliged) all, all must abstain from drinking — the abominable truth must come out,  
however



however disagreeable to the ear — wine. Mayest thou, O Doctor, for this detestable prescription, never be blessed with the juice of the wine, nor even the scent of a cask, but griped to death with four small beer, or puked to death with drinking muddy water.

Your regimen of living \* is practicable by few, hardly by any of the busy part of mankind, by none of the lowest class. I fear *your magnesia*, the good antidote to a debauch, and the grand emetic for unloading an overcharged stomach, will be an encouragement and inducement to acts of intemperance. All entirely depends in one word upon the constitutions, enjoyments, business, occupations and professions in life. Activity, temperance, and peace of mind indeed, whoever is desirous of an happy life and length of days, must, in whatever he doth, pay a particular attention to, which to use your own words, is so reasonable, † that *there is nothing marvelous*

\* Pages 92, 93, 94.

† Page 95.



*lous in your plan, nor any wonderful discovery of the latent powers of medicine. If this ingenuous acknowledgment should lessen somewhat of your fame, it will not, as you are independent, Doctor, prove dangerous to your fortune.*

The black catalogue

of

Food unwholesome and poisonous,

not eaten

by Doctor Cadogan

*alone:*

Goose

Duck

Pig

} with sage, onion, pepper,  
and salt,

Hare with seasoning.

Pickles of all kinds the worst of poisons, *wine excepted.*

Chops with pepper and pickles.

Veal stuffed.

Mutton with caper sauce.

Venison with savoury sauce.

Savoury meats,\* forced and high seasoned.

Rich

\* I cannot find that Isaac's fondness for savoury meat, even to the last, shortened the good old man's days, even a single mon-

Rich cakes,† creams, pastry, confec-  
tions, &c.

Hams  
and  
Tongues } high flavoured.

Heavy flour puddings.

Bread of London make.

Salted  
Smoaked  
Pickled  
Potted  
Preserved } flesh and fish.

Made and costly dishes.

Salt.

Pepper.

Mustard.

Vinegar.

Acids

Salts

Fiery spices

Essences

Wine of all sorts.

Strong and spirituous liquors.

Toasted cheese, &c. &c. &c. &c.

with several other things, which the Doc-  
tor could not, or would not mention, and  
in

† A treat for an Angel. See Genesis, chapter 18.



in all probability no one, except an invalid, would have regarded. Many of the things enumerated are good, and taken for the scurvy and rheumatism; also to strengthen weak stomachs, and prevent griping pains, produced from vegetables. Many of them have been, and I am in no doubt, will continue to be eaten time out of mind. For my own part, I will not abstain from any of them, that is pleasing and agreeable to my appetite, yet use them with temperance and moderation, and then only leave them, when I find them hurtful to my constitution and destructive of my health, or like the old Doctor, I can no longer taste or relish them. If the prescription of the Doctor agrees best with the weak or unhealthy constitution of the reader, I neither censure nor condemn his abstemiousness and mortification; let him not then envy my innocent repasts and enjoyments, for notwithstanding all that physicians can prescribe, or divines preach, to eat, and drink, and enjoy the fruit of all his labour; it is the gift of God to man.

Adieu DOCTOR.